

## Lenin's Letters From Siberia

-- for Louisa

1. In Shushenkoye now,  
just time for a card.  
The railroad stops here  
so we have to wait for Spring  
to go downriver. Siberia  
doesn't look so bad, after all.
2. Got myself a room  
in a peasant's house  
& I made good friends  
with his grandmother.  
The family thinks she's crazy  
but she has one good tooth  
& plays around with the I Ching.  
When I asked her about the Revolution  
she said Yes  
it was a good idea.
3. What bullshit  
to think a Marxist has to suffer!  
I've got my books here  
& my chessboard  
& the peasant's daughter  
slaughters sheep for me.  
I am getting fat & I wonder  
how you are.
4. I don't know  
how anything gets done out here,  
I'm so lonely. I have a name  
as long as a Mexican matron's  
& if you'd catch the first express  
from St. Petersburg  
I would gladly give some of it  
to you.

July 1971, Cambridge

## Marty Robbins And A Matte Print Memory Of You

At the end of a short spring  
we walked down the tracks by my place  
with a camera.  
You sang "El Paso" to yourself  
and we came across a rubber doll  
cut in half by the train  
and the sun was going down  
behind a factory

when you sat on the back of a boxcar  
and smiled for me.  
In the photograph you can see  
a young girl sitting on a boxcar.  
She is pretty and she is smiling  
as if the years could not be lost  
like Zippo lighters.  
Now you're in California  
and I wonder  
if you still sing "El Paso" to yourself  
I wonder if you're out of cigarettes  
and I put these things  
in a brown envelope addressed to you:  
A picture of you where the scars don't show,  
part of someone from Cambridge  
and a long, cold drink  
in a Texas saloon.

7/5/71, Cambridge

-- Joel Deutsch

Berkeley, CA

Red Wing

The wing of a bird  
may be translated  
from the Chinese  
in either red or gold

And I care nothing  
for your mysteries  
and your fads and diets

For I have seen Freedom  
throw a fake fur coat  
in the Rio Grande  
in a night of Mime  
when you were a dream  
in your father's eyes

Now I can tell faucets on the sink  
not to stare back at me  
while the world is wrapped in machinery  
with more cables than one's mind can conceive  
more layers of metal than nation's proudest peaks  
more tons of plastic than marble in the ground

I will give you diaries of invisible beings  
who have mined memories  
like the metal they chip from mountains  
to weigh and make rings of.